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MS news

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Montana State Prison

G O V E R N O R



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MPNEWS CONTENTS

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EDITORIAL - EXPRESSION

SPECIAL EDITORIAL - STAFF

MARIJUANA

AN EASTER REVELATION

JUSTICE AMERICAN STYLE

JOHN R. GLENN - INDIAN - HISTORY??

ART OF THE MOUTH

POETS ----

OLD ESTABLISHMENT DEATH

PENAL PRESS X - CHANGE

WAY - IN FAR - OUT

JAYCEES OPEN HOUSE

READ IT. IF YOU LIKE IT, TELL. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU WRITE US, THE WAY IT IS.
READERS ATTENTION: D.L. ENQUIST, THE SPONSOR OF THIS PUBLICATION HAS MESSAGE 4-U.

MPNEWS is a publication of the Montana State Prison. It is a publication of the Montana State Prison, which is a part of the Montana State Prison system. The purpose of this publication is to permit the inmates of the Montana State Prison to express their views on the prison system and to provide a medium for discussion of the problems of the prison system. The publication is intended to be a constructive medium for the better understanding between the inmates and the staff of the Montana State Prison.

MPNEWS is published by the Montana State Prison. The Montana State Prison is located in Helena, Montana. The Montana State Prison is a part of the Montana State Prison system. The Montana State Prison is a part of the Montana State Prison system. The Montana State Prison is a part of the Montana State Prison system.

PAGE ONE

Editorial

EXPRESSION

I sit here listening to the prison life going around me. My mind is a calmness and a turmoil of assorted thoughts. They come on at a sudden rush, sometimes a coldness.

I look at the men here who are fighting the same kind of conflict. Men like myself, who want to be free, free outside as well as inside. Some want to express themselves creatively, and some violently.

The environment they are within controls a lot of the motives and experiences. You hear, "You have to be tough in here to make it, or pull your own time and not someone else's." Well, maybe so, but with what one is exposed to in here you have to be strong mentally also. We can't be like a bird that takes to flight when something alarms it, we can't go out by the quietness of a lake and drink in the beauty of the sun and mountains. Sometimes we can't even talk to our friends. We feel that we've carried the load this far, we might as well continue.

What a loneliness it must be for someone not to be able to trust their own friends because everyone is pulling time, and don't wish anyone to interfere with it.

I hear that once you're labeled with something or have a jacket hung on you, you are always that person. When one of these persons tries to change, he has it shoved down on him and rubbed in his face by those who say, "Pull your own time!"

I say every man is capable of a change! Not a physical change, but a change within. A newness found in life that has never been there before; but still, even when a person experiences this you hear, "He's nothing but a phony, he's just shooting an angle, etc.." Who is to say what is going on in another person's life? Are we so blinded by our own bitterness and hatreds that we can't see a realness about us and in those who have changed?

It looks like a person faces ridicule from all sides whether he's okay or not. When some one is trying to change, why get in his way?

Why ride him to see if you can break him?

Why not just observe and pull your own time? Convict.....

Why not see if it's real what's happening to the other person?

Experience it yourself!!!

The Editor
Archie Warwick

On a quiet and lonely day, as I walked slowly to the Door, flashes of thought flamed through my mind, good clean memories of the good old times. It was satisfying to know that the forgotten memories came with clarity.

I stared at the Door, but did not see it. Instead, I saw the Chair of Death, though invisible as yet..

Strapped, I sat; my mind now failing me, when I needed something to think about at a time like this. The Man asked me of something, I didn't know what he said. I didn't care.....

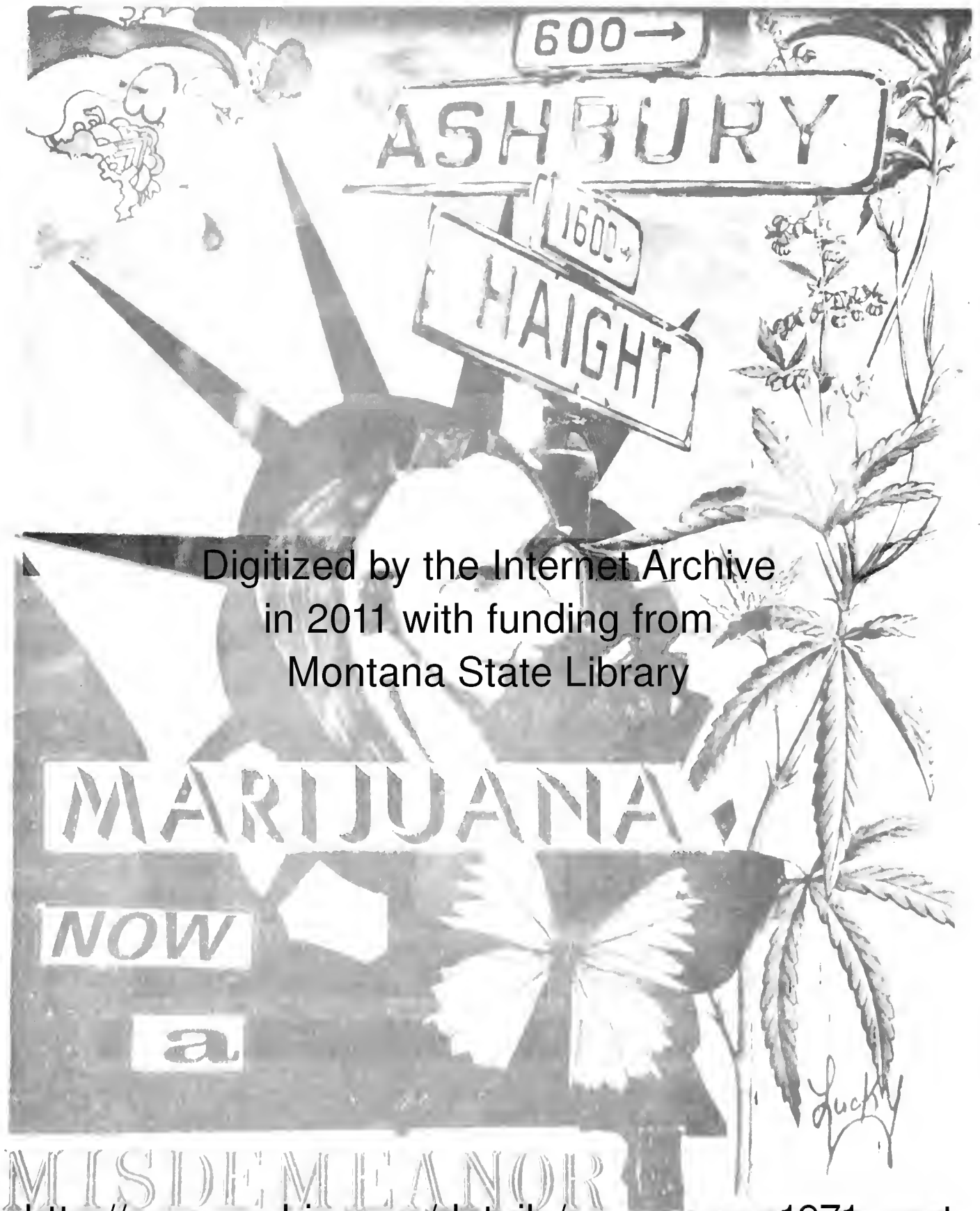
A Blackrobe came into the room, I laughed an empty laugh. Wow! a Preacher! That's all I needednow I had the words to say; "Preacher, what do you intend to save? My soul or from the Chair?" The Blackrobe spoke: "The peace of mind, the Love of God, Eternal Life hereafter," and so forth, but I was not really paying attention now. I laughed at him and said "Preacher, you speak of these words of Goodness of Love, Peace and Life. But you're a hypocrite!, an A-1 phony! Here I am sitting in a Chair of Death, and y u come along and tell me these things. Man, you are great, really great! Now get the hell out of here, so I can Get a PLACE of mind. When he left, the Warden nodded.....the electric current hummed..... Until the heart of Innocence stilled.....

lakota

Rehabilitated

oops!

Law
and
Order

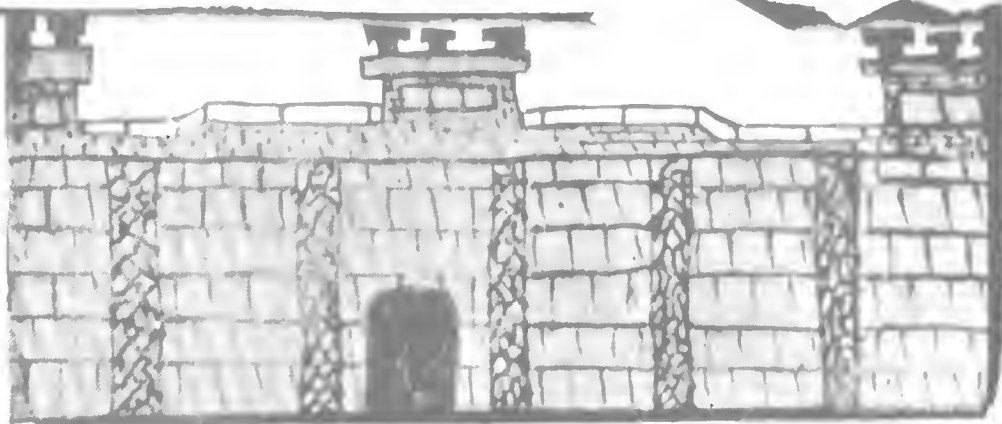


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Helena, March 10, 1971 -(H.) - Gov. Forrest . Anderson signed into law Tuesday a bill reducing the penalty for possession of small amounts of marijuana and hashish.

Senate bill #270, which became effective when signed, was the product of a joint Senate-House conference committee, which decided that possession of less than 60 grams -about 2 ounces- of marijuana or less than one gram of hashish would be treated as misdemeanor on a first conviction. A larger amount would be treated as a felony -up to five years in prison- while the misdemeanor penalty would be up to one year in a county jail, a fine of up to \$1,000 dollars, or both. First timers 21 or younger would be presumed entitled to a deferred sentence. On second or subsequent convictions, possession of less than 60 grams of marijuana or less than one gram of hash could be treated as a felony or as a misdemeanor, WITH THE CHOICE UP TO THE JUDGE.

JESUS CHRIST
SUPERSTAR



THE NEW DIRECTION

My
Jesus, when I needed to call you
Lord
To say that I am yours alone
And
If you'll make me worthy, Oh,
My
Heart longs to be the tabernacle of my
God.
I
Many times have chosen me before the
Love

You offered, because I didn't know
You
Came with things I feared to suffer.
Jesus,
Now you let me see that love of You and
Sacrifice
Go hand in hand. My Jesus, use
Me!
May I share Your Cup with YOU??
BY J. GERARD



COMMENTS BY THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THE NEW DIRECTION:::.....

I walked into the Clark Theatre that night, and I could sense something in the air. It was a presence that could only be felt by those who were there. It was a calmness within a storm. It was right in the middle of the State Prison; but there was an atmosphere of freshness, of a newness, like something was about to happen.

Then they came.....The Shalom House and the Yokefellow people. There was a shine and a glow coming from there faces. They walked up to you and shook your hand...They greeted you with joy in there voices.....A joy that could only be spoken from the heart. A joy that Christ had put there.

What was all of this? Everyone sat down, and a young girl got up and spoke to all those there in the opening prayer....Right in Prison....There was a peace about her. The words that she spoke reached right into the thoughts and hearts of those there. It brought the awareness of the presence of something that was in the air that much closer.

When she sat down.....someone started singing, then all of a sudden everyone wanted to sing. They all joined together in a song. They sang with a joy, a joy in their hearts that they had never experienced before. The presence in the room grew into more of an awareness.

Then, a man got up. A man who resided within the walls. Someone who had been in joints most of his life. He was someone who used to have a bad reputation. He picked up a guitar, opened his book to a song he had written. As he looked up, his nervousness was recognized because it was the first time he had been in the presence of something that was glowing inside of him. He played and sang, emotionalizing through his voice....because of his feelings that came from within. The song he sang was of a wonderful change that was taking place within his soul and he played right into the hardest hearts that were there that night. The presence in the room came alive!!!!

Another inmate got up and gave his personal testimony. Right up in front of everyone he exposed a portion of his life that he would never would have done... before.....He had found something that was better than what he had known in the past. He talked, and the shine was on his face. The warmth of a real love was in his voice. He shared, and there were tears, tears of joy because he had found something new and alive. It moved all present, and the presence in the room began to stir in the hearts of all. After he finished another inmate got up and talked, then another. People before who couldn't get up before, got up, and the glow was shining from there faces. Everyone was joyous and happy. A new happiness that came from within. People who never felt a presence like this were.... moved from within, and it was happening right in the middle of a prison.

There was a joy and a happiness now to be shared with everyone.....Something that a person just wanted to share.....because there was a glow from within that wanted to come out.

Some were wondering what it was all about, many found themselves that nite. Many people want to change but don't know which direction to turn.....They have tried many things to change themselves on the outside. They want rehabilitation but they say they can't find it in prison. The rehabilitation that they bring.. in from the streets, was there when we were out there. Many people have been on programs such as these, and some have made it, and some haven't. People are always looking for something and until they find something that they can get ahold of, they will continue to look.....A true rehabilitation comes from changing inside. It's like the ghetto's.....They build big new buildings, and a few months later they are a shanties. People say they just don't understand it....You have to change whats inside the ghetto before you can change the outside....Just like the inside of man; The head of man can also be a ghetto.....

Those who ere in the Clark Theatre have started this change inside.....

~~~~~

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~~~~~

The following article was written by someone who has attended one of the meetings in the Clark Theatre.....

GREETINGS!!! All you beautiful strangers. To be with you again is absolutely wonderful. I say strangers-only in a sense, because each gathering we have here-as one, is a new wonderful experience for me. Each time I am here with you in SPIRIT! I cast off more and a little more of my phony human-ness, and become, as ONE with YOU in GOD! It is beautiful, wonderful-it is TREMENDOUS!! Nay, it is much more than that, it is FULLFILLING!! We as one know it. For in truth, we are in the LIGHT of GOD, praise HIM, OHH, you beautiful people. I thank you for giving me my life, Thank you, Thank you. I love you, if only it were possible-I'd embrace you and hug you again, for this beautiful life. I only wish that I not weaken, but I have no fear of that, for in you with you, you are my strength. Admittedly, I have my moments of weakness- but when in my solitude, I pray GOD is GREAT. GOD is ALL, GOD is YOU and ME....for WE, as ONE, know that in the LIGHT of GOD, we are in TRUTH and GOD with US! It is beautiful. If only, I can relate and share with you this - inner freedom, but I know, we, as ONE? Know... this is the HOLY SPIRIT in US.....My Brother, MY Sister, I thank GOD and PRAISE GOD for HIS MERCY on US. FOR EVER AND EVER.....THERE!!!

[illegible]

"IN MEMORY OF LITTLE ERADE LANDE#

I have Spoken to you of many places in my heaven,  
which I prepare only for my children.  
Some I have taken very young, the reason only  
for the Father to know. I promise you it is  
a Heaven of Heavens for children. For God knows  
no pain, he knows no harm, He knows nor poor,  
He knows no sick.  
His children never, want, need, or suffer. A tear is  
a word not known, to be hurt is left here on Earth alone.  
No matter how small, they all walk tall, When  
our JESUS starts to show them around. Their wheel-chairs  
are gone, their crutches mislaid.  
They walk with our JESUS alone and unafraid.  
Their hearts are so happy, their souls filled with joy.  
Their's everything, right down to the last toy.  
I know of one child Jesus truly did bless, for this  
child was so grateful, Jesus was first in his thanks,  
so Jesus blessed this special boy, and let him fish  
of GOD'S river banks.

"AMEN<sup>3</sup>"  
"GOD BLESS YOU BRADLY"  
YOUR BROTHER IN CHRIST  
RICHARD JOHNS

[illegible]

# Testimonies



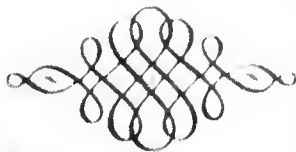
They

Sang



They

Heard



They

Shared





1971

*April*

1971

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**GLOYCE**

















One cold, coffee-smelling morning not too many years ago, my folks called me into the kitchen with stern expressions on their faces. Oh, oh, I thought to myself (I don't know who else I'd think it to), they found out about me playing doctor with Nancy Pengrapf next door.

"Sit down, son." My father said, which was kind of a redundant thing to say as I was already sitting down. I knew that whatever it was I'd done, it was pretty serious because he very seldom called me son, most of the time it was just "Hey you," or "Stupid," or something of this nature. Today it was son. Today I was in for it.

"Remember when we had our talk about the birds and the bees?" Dad all red-faced and stern, asking.

"Yeah. What's the matter, have they been at it again?"

"Don't be smart, it's out of character for you. No, today I have something just as important to discuss with you. Even more serious, in a way."

Oh, oh, here it comes. I knew that Nancy Pengrapf was a blabbermouth. Oh, man, if I can just get out of this one I'll never.....

"It's about the Easter Bunny."

"Has he been messing around with the birds and bees?" You never knew in this day and age. Where would it end, I philosophically mused.

"One more smart crack and you're gonna get it, understand? What I've got to tell you is that there isn't any Easter Bunny. Now finish your oatmeal and get going to school."

"No Easter Bunny? No Easter Bunny! Ma! Ma!"

"Don't carry on like a baby; accept it like a man..."

"But, but, if there's no Easter Bunny, who colors all the Easter Eggs and delivers them to all the little boys and girls on Easter, and, and, and....."

"Bugs Bunny, who do you think, stupid! Now shut up and get going to school. Forget all that kid stuff, it's time you started growing up a little anyway."

Well, what can a guy do? I finished my oatmeal, dropped a tab of purple daze, lit up a J. and thought to myself what a disillusionment it was to be confronted by cold reality that didn't even apply to anything at all in the framework of reference that all of us guys in Kindergarten knew.

"You're late," my kindergarten teacher admonished me, "and with Easter right around the corner you know we've got a lot of eggs to color, so let's hop to it, if you'll pardon my little play on words." Winking as he said this and wagging his fluffy white cotton tail while wiggling his long pointed ears and hopping about the classroom inspecting each students work.

Don't tell my folks, they just wouldn't understand.

.....Luckenbach

#### FOUR LETTER WORDS    ๑๙๕๙!

There are a few "four letter words" in our society which for all practical purposes are dead. These words were once in common usage in our language. They are now (at least apparently) condemned in the entire world.

It is indeed sad that **no** one can even explain why these four letter words have been condemned. They have been put out of usage by lack of practice.

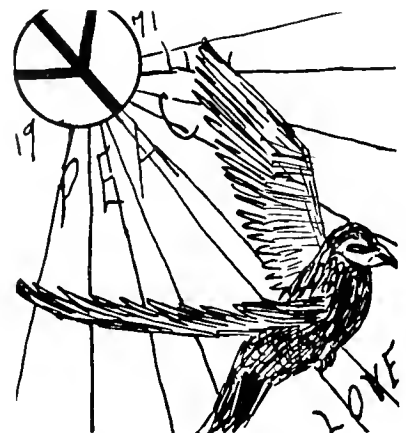
These four letter words have been attempted to be conveyed by many popular singers, singing groups and poets. For example take Bob Dylan. He's a man — both poet and singer— that has been constantly using these four letter words in his songs. Other examples in the singing field are: Joan Baez, Credence Clearwater Revival, and the late Janis Joplin. In the poetry field, we find E.E. Cummings, and Rod McKuen constantly crying out to be heard, in four letter words.

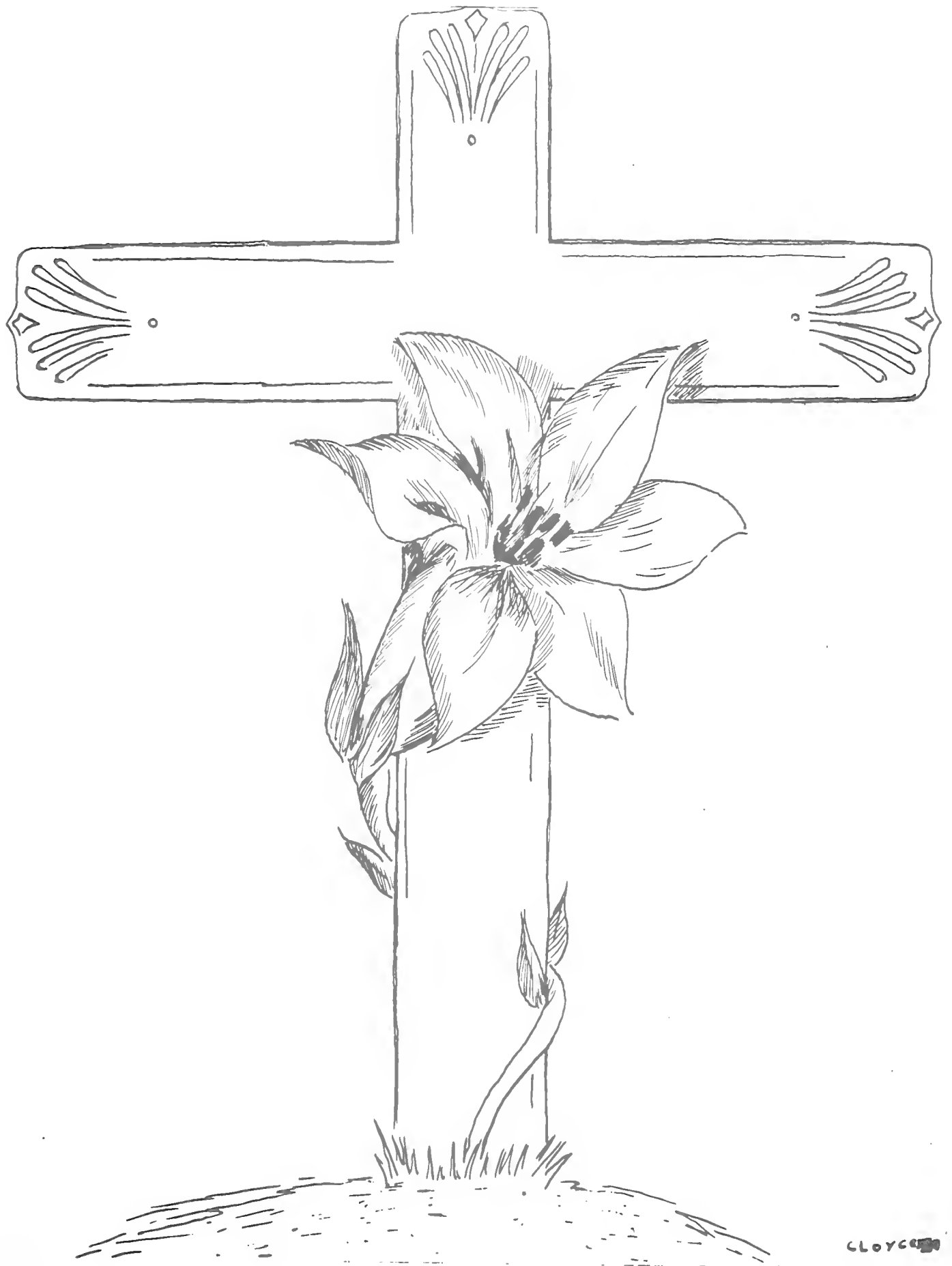
I hope that all people can again become basically human enough to use these four letter words. For these very simple four letter expletives have the capability to change the entire world. They are as follows: Love, Hope, Care, Help, Work, Heal, and Feel.

In conclusion, a beautiful five letter word is

Peace

.....John-John





# NMC CONCERT BAND AND NORTHERN SINGERS

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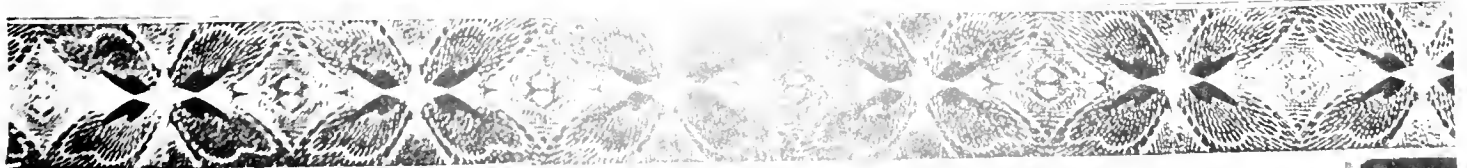


The Southern ...  
 ... singing have a  
 ... performance ...  
 ... Theatre. The  
 ... singers voices  
 ... an enlightening to  
 ... arts.  
 ... is and headed to ...  
 ... the concert ...  
 ...



They sang  
 with joy

and laugh-  
 ter in  
 their own  
 hearts.  
 They shared  
 the happi-  
 ness with  
 us that is  
 with them  
 always.

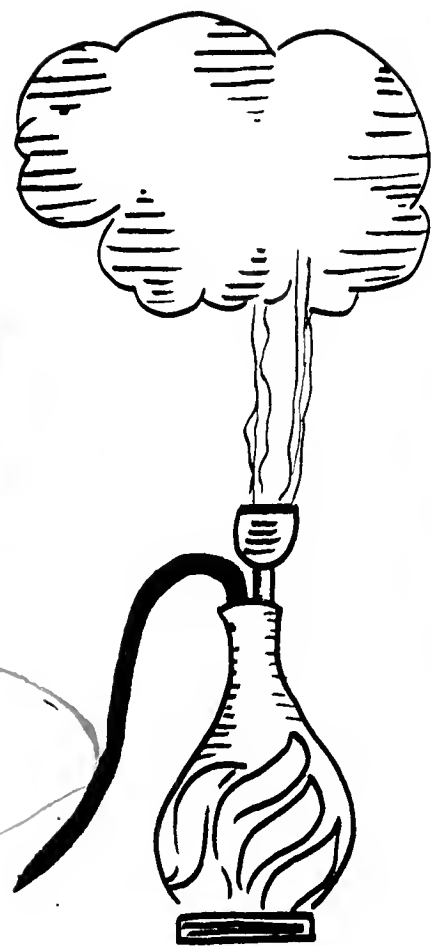


The songs that they sang  
 were of a musical variety  
 that touched all areas of  
 music. They sang modern  
 versions and on a whole  
 had a choice that suited  
 all tastes. We hope that  
 they shall soon return, as  
 we enjoyed hearing them so  
 much as they enjoy singing  
 and playing for us.





# POETS





BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY

Boys and girls come out to play,  
The moon will shine as bright as day  
leave your supper and leave your sleep  
and join your playfellows in the street

Come with a whoop and  
Come with a call:

Up, I .....  
Up against

The wall!

.....by Samba 666



SECOND COMING

12 Rooftops leaping  
11 Windows smashing  
10 Pipes a-bursting  
9 Sirens screaming  
8 Phone-booths broken  
7 Gulls a-dying  
6 Junkies trading  
5 Stolen rings  
4 Padlocked stores  
3 Blashed tires  
2 War-mothers cryin'  
and a scout troop planting a

Tree

.....666

NO. 1 N. E. L. NEWS BULLETIN

Now a special news bulletin  
From the heart of S. BYLOI:  
Fe, fi, fo, fum;  
I smell the blood of violence  
To come;  
I smell the smoke that hangs  
In the air - of buildings  
Burning everywhere;  
Even the rats abandon the city:  
Like the situation is being  
Studied by a crisis committee.

.....666



### ME-I-AM

On the brim of emptiness, I stared within.  
It was a mirror of nothing; I looked at me.  
In the eternal cup of invisible; I knew wisdom;  
For within was filled to the brim of insight.

Look Th

### THE CARPET

White society built a house and called it America.  
Took years and lives of many to build this large house  
Upon a foundation of sweat,  
tears,  
and hardship.

Twas a life sought dream of suffering,  
People finally realized.  
Well, was written and told over.....and over.

Bad things and worse dreams were experienced therein.  
Persecution this day and tomorrow dead.  
Freedom!!!  
Freedom and the old house!  
Cried one and all.  
The haunts of the old establishment  
Shall be no more!  
Decreed those very souls.

Into a boat, they made haste and jumped  
From the death minded ghouls of old.....Away.  
Away!!!  
Far, far away they oared.  
Til the "old" became a loud whisper.....  
Till fear within was innerlast thought of these  
Driven souls and minds.

Land Ho!  
Cried a weak and feeble voice.  
Indeed.....  
Landed on a rock, did they?  
Great Plymouth Rock.....and celebrated???  
Wow!  
For faith is said, is instilled upon solid rock!  
Exclaimed they as one.  
The beach sand is weak,  
But little did they know  
Sands shall shift rock and time.

Unspoken words!  
Amazing drumsticks!  
Zounds of grace!  
They declared thanksgiving,  
They struggled for life and survived on death.

It came to pass.....  
 White House stands on demensions unknown.....  
 A device to bridge a democracy across.  
 Worders of freedom on the fourth day.....proclaimed they.  
 Ah, but of course, to prevent sickness of the jolly old past.  
 Zonked inside.....  
 They measured and sewed and sewed.....  
 Till rugs and carpets-----  
 Constructed.  
 Like man-made-----  
 To avoid the ills of .....across the large waters  
 Stepped on.....  
     Tramped on.....  
         Stomped on .....  
             Sicked on.....  
 Dirt and more dirt swept under carpets  
 and underneath  
         and bottom flat.....  
 Buried deep neath the filth, stench and lies  
 of the carefully calculated, estimated carpets of reservations.....  
 Indians.

LAKOTA

#### THE YOUNG WANT TO BE JUST

It is odd, again, about the young.  
 They don't mind being depraved, immoral, or anything of that sort,  
 but they do mind being unjust, unfair.  
  
 Which is very odd, being the exact reverse of their fathers and mothers.  
 It shows, again how highly developed the social conscience now is.  
  
 How highly aware we are of one another, socially,  
 how decent is our desire towards one another, socially.  
 We want to be fair.  
 Even in immoral sets, there is still this desire to be fair.  
  
 Almost an instinct.  
 Which shows, once more, that our social conscience is developed  
 Far beyond the present social form.  
 For our society is based on grab, and devil take hind-most.  
  
 And the young, this is really immoral and distasteful.  
 To grandfathers and grandmothers, it was grab and devil take hind-most.  
 But watch your sexual step, oh my dear  
 Mind the banana-skin!

DAVID H. LAWRENCE

MESSAGE

Murder of our resources,  
Genocide of our children,  
The none to humerous joke we call "education".  
I'm feed up!  
How's long's this going to last?  
We ask THE MAN at his desk behind the columns,  
'Says he'll look to it tomorrow.

Another Apollo moon landing today-----successful.  
How many billions of dollars?  
Billions that slums will never see,  
Or prisons,  
Or Indians,  
Or mental institutions,  
Or veteran's clinics,  
Or drug addicts,  
Or alcoholics.

Another Apollo moon landing today-----successful.  
How many billions of dollars?  
Mean while children starve,  
Young men die;  
Bodies pierced, mutilated, limbs severed  
And rotting, lying in foreign jungles.  
Campus unrest goes on checked-----by more deaths;  
Students sprawled in the gory pools  
Of their coagulated blood.  
How long's this all going to last?  
We ask THE MAN, at his desk behind the columns,  
'Says he'll look to it tomorrow.

Death,  
Death!  
'Tis where man's head is today, Brothers;  
Over-doses,  
Bullets,  
Auto accidents,  
Suicides,  
Air pollution,  
Nuclear, bacteriological and chemical warfare;  
All in the name of man's "sacred" dollar.

All mankind;  
Nails protruding from hands and feet,  
Blood flowing torrents, nerve rending cries and sobs  
Of suffering-----The human agonies of greed.  
He's crucified himself  
upon the almighty dollar sign.  
A crown of thorns is settling  
With the conscious weight  
Of past atrocities committed in the name of greed.  
How long's this going to last?  
We ask the procrastinator as he drives the remaining nail.  
(continued)

MESSAGE (CONTINUED)

THE MAN; "victim" wallowing in spails  
Besmeared and drowning in his gore.  
Perseverate again!  
O man, crucified behind your desk and pillars,  
You're THE MAN, leading America to its sepulcher;  
Perpetrating the eagles down with your Banshee wails  
Of "I'll look to it tomorrow."

Brothers, believe in your ~~ideas~~ and ideals  
To the utmost-----Death!  
If not, this is where you are bound-----regardless,  
Regardless of good you've done, changes you've made,  
Lives you've saved.

We would all die (for our country) if we believed.  
But instead we die for which our existence depends:  
The convictions and beliefs of ecology and the spiritual-----  
The only realities of now.

S.R. Heckman

UNTIL

Heavily aromatic tendrils wafting serpentine;  
Meadows sweet..... newly mown,  
Enshrouded with the new morn's ectoplasmic mist.  
Traversing my senses with every breath and thought.

I'm here in complete peace to share  
My being with the beingness of this green expanse.  
O! Pardon me grass,  
And thank you.  
For as I walk upon you  
I gain the pleasure of having my way luxuriously carpeted  
And my toes are set a-tingle by your soft swords.

Sit down!  
Those green scepters a-waiting-----  
Emerald, glistening with diamond radiance;  
Each blade a jewel set with jewels.  
Fashioned as no man can boast.

As I commence my rounds,  
Sharing with this.....God's kingdom  
A cottontail in its youth thumps alarm at my approach;  
O squirrel, how you freeze-----mid-flight;  
Woodchuck dashing down his hole but pausing in his fright  
To emit a subsiding whistle.....and gone!

Curse my fathers and theirs too!  
For I'm here in peace to be with those  
Who've shown nothing but fear  
At the recognition of my existence.

S.R. Heckman

S.A.H.

## THE OLD-FASH BLUES

North Star Lady comes in the night,  
comes to my bedroom door,  
there to enter in and spend the night  
in a corner on the floor.

North Star Lady with eyes radiant gold,  
warching me in my sleep.  
You know me better than all that's been told,  
you know of love that runs deep.

North Star Lady in a night-gown of green,  
come to me in my bed.  
You know the horrors and wonders I've seen,  
y u know and you kiss my forehead.

North Star Lady, y u know all of me,  
you know of all that I've done,  
still y u c me in the night to make love;  
and we, until morning, are one.

North Star Lady, queen of my soul,  
mother of my mind,  
y u dust the cob-webs from destiny's roll  
and sh w wonders that can't be denied.

North Star Lady leaves soft in the morn,  
slipping fr m under the cover.  
Leaving the day, by me to be born  
till she c mes once again as my lover.

North Star Lady, when y u look at me n w  
y u kn w what I'm trying to do.  
Y u know that y u are here with me now,  
f r all that I am is y u.

## The HOBBIT

"There is probably no more terrible instant of enlightenment than the one in which you discover your father is a man-----with human flesh."

"Deep in the human unconscious is a pervasive need for a logical universe that makes sense. But the real universe is always one step beyond logic."

"It's the dreariness, you can wait just so long. Then the dreariness of waiting overcomes you."

"When law and duty are one, united by religion, you never become fully conscious, fully aware of yourself. You are always a littel less than an individual."

Quotations from DUNE by Frank Herbert

We, (the staff of the M.P. NEWS) believe that an explanation is due to our readers and subscribers concerning the appearance of the staff on the pictures on the following page.

In all actuality none of the inmates here at Montana State Prison are allowed the freedom to exhibit to the public under normal circumstances exactly what we are like in our thoughts as well as our physical outward selves. In no way are any of us the STEREO-TYPED "dirty-rat-pink-o hippies" that are so despicable to most of society, but regular people just like anyone else. We only differ from freemen by the fact that we were caught at doing something illegal. All we ask is that we be allowed to be what we really are: people existing physically and mentally as we were created by The Almighty Father.

Those pictures exhibited on the opposite page are a mild demonstration of the inmate's desire to be themselves as they really are instead of the impersonalized numerical beings that they are now under their present incarceration.

Our sponsor, Mr. Encust, suggested that some mention be made in the acknowledgement of the rehabilitation programs that Warden Estelle has instituted. These have been a boon to the activities of the inmate's life, and create a new incentive. So, by giving credit where credit is due, Mr. Estelle, our warden, has brought many reformatations for the convicts here.

The uniformed administrative staff is offered sociological, psychological, and criminological courses to better them in their understanding of us.....the convicts. Sadly, a handful of our overseers; teachers, sponsors, uniformed staff are not applying this knowledge in the handling of the "cons", and generally have no wishes of wanting to put to use their knowledge gained in the classes that they've participated; resulting in the rarity of putting themselves in our place, and defeating the purpose of the established programs. The only incentive driving these people is that of the pay check! Plainly and simply: utter sincerity is missing or else it remains obscured by the lack of efficiency and competency. Mr. Estelle, our warden is aware of these hindrances and is undertaking methods to eliminate them from the administrative staff.

One reminder, there are only a small number of people employed here at the prison that are caught these hindrances. As the cliché goes, "If the shoe fits, wear it."

We, (the staff) are not airing personal gripes with any one individual member of the uniformed staff. On the behalf of the inmate population, "Our power of the press is far from a laughable matter! We are at the mercy of our censors! We, the convicts, at this time are plaintively pleading with you, the people, to help us once more become citizens constructively working within society and upholding the laws and mores of the individual communities.

Speaking for myself as well as many of my fellow convicts, more of us have been made criminals through the experience of the prison, more than by the crime that was originally committed to get the individual his prison term. The impersonal attitudes that are established within the prison, do not rehabilitate the convict but add to his animosity and disrespect for the individual persons comprising the prisoner's present and future social environment.

Yes, changes are being made. You, the public, have an indemnity to the convicts! Just to eliminate us; "unpleasant members of society", is not a solution to the problem of delinquency. "Lock them up and forget about them." This is what the present form of incarceration is in reality. It is not even punishment! But merely a rationalization to justify the un-Christian methods that are used presently and condoned by the public.

Yes, those mustached people on the opposite page comprise the staff of the M.P. NEWS. We are for REAL! Even though we are not allowed to be complete in our authenticity.

# Special

Respectfully,

S.R. Heckman, writer

BOOK WITH PIG POLICEMEN BANNED -Toledo, Ohio -(AP)-A children's book illustrated with animals dressed as people has been removed from Toledo public-school libraries because a policeman protested a drawing that shows pigs dressed as policemen. The book "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble," is designed for children in the first three grades. All the characters are animals. The protest was filed with city school administrators by Patrolman James Gaygill, president of The Police Patrolmen's Association.

#### 'SUPER BUNNY' WIELDS AX

Washington -(AP) - Added to its many other problems, the Wash-ington area now has an angry, gray-and-black, floppy-eared, 6-foot-tall rabbit who wields a destructive ax against those he calls trespassers.

No one has been injured by the "rabbit," a man in his early 20s dressed in a hare costume which covers all but his face, and his damage has been a smashed car window and a chopped-up front-porch column of a new but unoccupied house.

Police said the second attack took place Thursday night, when a private security guard saw the marauding bunny standing on the front porch of the new house.

"I started talking to him and that's when he started chopping," said Paul Phillips.

"All you people trespass around here," Phillips said the man told him as he whacked at the post.

"If you don't get out of here, I'm going to bust you on the head too."

Phillips said he walked back to his car to get his handgun but the "rabbit" carrying a long-handled ax, fled into the nearby woods.

The first attack came about two weeks ago while two persons sat in a parked car in the same neighborhood. They told police the "rabbit" said they were trespassing and then threw a small hand-ax through a closed car window.

Police say they have increased patrols in the area in an effort to pick up what one officer called "Super Bunny" before he can strike again and possibly injure someone.

RIGHTS OF PRISONERS IN WASH. ESTABLISHED UNDER NEW RULES -The Seattle Times, November 18 By Larjorie Jones, Times staff writer.

Liberalized rules vastly improving right of prisoners in state institutions were announced today.

Dr. William Conte, secretary of the State Division of Institutions, said:

1. Prisoners will be represented on a council.

2. Jail no longer will be censored.

3. Prisoners in minimum-security areas will be able to make collect telephone calls.

4. "Strip cells" will no longer be used to quiet unruly prisoners.

5. Private industries inside the prisons, are being considered, (sic) employing prisoners who would be paid a minimum wage.

6. Legislation will be asked to permit prisoner furloughs and to allow prisoners to add their prison earnings to the \$40 "gate money" they get on discharge.

A council with elected prisoner representatives would bring "democracy within the prison walls" for the first time, Dr. William Conte went on to state. As many as 15 or 20 inmates would be elected by other prisoners to the council, Conte said, with every unit within the prison represented.

If the furlough bill is passed by the Legislature as it is now written, men will be privileged to go home for up to 30 days if they have demonstrated personal responsibility. The furlough will be granted in cases of pressing family problems and similar situations.

JUDGE SON CLEARED -(AP) - Scott Carswell, 20, son of former Judge G. Harold Carswell, has been cleared of marijuana possession charges for lack of evidence in Tallahassee.

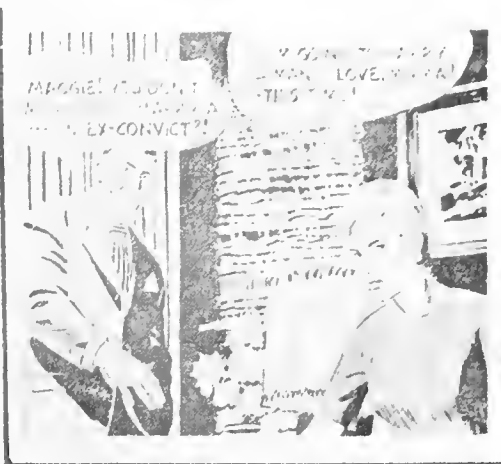
CIGARETTE AS A FLEW -Salem, Oregon, March 18, 1971 -(AP) - Senator Ed Madely, D-Ore. introduced a bill in the Oregon Legislature that would designate nicotine and nicotine tars dangerous drugs. This would put tobacco in the same class as marijuana.



# WAA

# IN

# FAR OUT



HAIR, BEARD RESTRICTIONS IN PRISONS WOULD BE ILLEGAL! -Seattle Post-Intelligencer Feb. 17, 1971. OLYMPIA-(AP) - The state attorney general's office has advised the Division of Institutions that it cannot legally prevent prisoners at the state penitentiary from wearing long hair and beards.

The restriction was a key issue in a 10 day inmate work stoppage at the Walla Walla institution in December.

The restriction is definitely illegal. Donald J. Horowitz, chief assistant attorney general for the Department of Social and Health Services said in a memorandum yesterday "The development of standards or guidelines would be an

appropriate topic for discussion by the resident governor's council." Dr. William R. Conte, deputy secretary for the department, said, "I have great faith that when we present this matter to the resident council and ask their cooperation, they will come up with guidelines that make sense." "But this would not alter the attorney general's opinion," he said. "The guidelines would all be only voluntary rules."

# STOP!

Unless you act fast! This could be your last issue-



It would be a shattering experience for us to learn that you missed a chance to subscribe to the MP News. So here's your chance. 2

MP NEWS IS A LOW BUDGET PUBLICATION TO SEND OUT THE USUAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE MONTH. IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER, YOU WILL BE THE LAST COPY OF THE PUBLICATION. IF YOU ARE A MEMBER, LOOK FORWARD TO TODAY'S NEW IDEAS, INNOVATIONS, AND PARSNIPS. SO, DO NOT DELAY! DO IT TODAY! BE THE FIRST OF YOUR BLOCK.... BUY A FLOCK! SUBSCRIBE TO THE M.P. NEWS.

your convictions with action in protest.

APALACHEE DIARY, Chattahoochee, Florida: Wow! Git on, Ford & Brunner. Dug everything (and a poster yet! We have it hanging in our office) in your mag. You're green with envy. Keep up the action & good vibes.

Well that's about it from here for now; Keep in touch.  
.....Wait a minute, just in from the mail room, read, written-up and okayed is one more:

INTERPRETER, Canyon City, Colorado: A good mag. It's obvious you people are trying to do/say something that needs to be heard, and you're doing it in a good way. Pulse 70 outtasite! Your prices are moderate, though, as opposed to price (street-price)s in Great Falls, Missoula, etc. Your editorial top drawer, as we say here in The Outback. "We are still being punished and not necessarily for what we did, but for the manner in which we did it." This is a sad but factual absolute truism.

island  
lantern

SAN QUENTIN NEWS

BEST  
SCENE

the  
CLOCK

INTERPRETER



ADVOCATE



ford  
ORD



ment could possibly serve is either to try and talk a potential hold-up man out of robbing the establishment (pun/cliche not intentional) because (a) "Man, I'm an ex-con myself, and let me tell you, crime doesn't pay, etc. etc." or (b) "Aha, Joe Sodworth, #5 block, yeah, I remember you from the joint. You'd better not rip-off this place or I'll tell The Man." .....Huh?

New Era



THE  
*Menard* TIME



MESSENGER

TIME, Joliet, Statesville: Good layouts, clear pictures and interesting topical, articles. Especially dug your statement under your masthead "Not copyrighted. If There Is Good Here Let It Be Shared. Amen! This applies to flowers, music, trees, poetry, THE EARTH -power to the people.

The Eye Opener

BRIDGE

BEST SCENE, Rawlins, Wyoming: Liked Samson's quoting of Jimi Hendrix saying "We got to live together.", but Darrel Bay's article Despoilers of a Nation -his all-out devout shout advocating war and defending THE ESTABLISHMENT AS IT IS AND SAYS WITHOUT QUALMS OR QUESTION- man, I just don't understand where your head's at A-talll! What you're saying is that it's being patriotic to accept every policy of our "...capable and devoted people, that you, the Amerikan (spelling mine) people, voted into office to represent you." That makes Paul Revere an his mob a bunch of dyed in the wool traitors, following your trend of thought. To my (albeit warped) way of thinking it's a citizens conscientious duty to try and change what isn't right; that if a person sits back and thinks something's wrong but does nothing about it, or accepts whole-coat everything THEY say is right, without question, then HE is the traitor, a traitor to himself and his nation. I really enjoyed looking way up at the pedestal you put Nixon on ("Our, Commander-in-Chief, President Richard M. Nixon!") -Brass band breaks out playing My Country 'Tis of Thee, the flag goes up, a ship is launched, tears spring forth.....Are you maybe shooting for a presidential pardon? If this is your angle excuse me for stepping on your toes, I didn't know. In all fairness, though, I suppose your article was devoured with gusto by Melvin Laird, The John Birch Society, Mayor Daley, Dow Chemical Corporation, Daddy Warbucks, Spiro Agnew, and (blush) our Commander-in-Chief, Richard M. Nixon. Sure, Bays, War's good business, go ahead, invest a brother.

THE LANTERN, McNeil Island: Concur 100 o/o with what you're saying about the complete apathy in motivation and guidance re rehabilitation in our prisons. The biggest single universal facet of every prison I've ever been in has been regimented boredom, supplemented with obscure bureaucratic non-policies that accomplish nothing. Acclodes and orchids to you people there who are backing



# PENAL PRESS

## X-CHANGE

*Acting Exchange Editor*

*L. Luckenbach*

Since Easter is right around the corner, wherever that is, this is an apropos time to resurrect a badly neglected column, namely our Penal press exchange. As we've stated in every issue we've managed to knock out so far- (2)- this is an entire new bag for all of us. We know what we want to do and we're attempting to do it the only way we can -hit and miss. What we want is a convict's paper by and for convicts and to promote better understanding of us as people with those of you in the outside world. In other words we're trying us.

Time and space being what they are (and, pray tell, what are they?) it will be impossible to review all the publications we'd like to; such is life, but I'll attempt to get as many in as possible each issue, which is to say: up against the wall ..... Another reason you might not see your mag. here is because we're not recieving it. Case in point, Walla Wala. Alma Mater where are you? I know Washington isn't so broke you can't afford to send us a copy. With all the things I hear you guys have going for you now I know you must have a far-out paper. The way things are going there Flea Green might even be editor of it; who knows.

As acting exchange publisher, all opinions here are mine and do not necessarily reflect the policy or view of an one living or dead except me.

NEW ERA, Leavenworth, Kansas: You people really got your stuff together! Especially the articles by Albaugh and Soric (Penal Press Pasquinade). RIGHT ON!!! Harg's The Gaining of His Manhood excellent. Who is the nonpoet/70? Looking forward to seeing more of his poetry and more of Soric's. Keep it together.

THE CLOCK, Boise, Idaho: Couldn't believe my eyes on the picture and story on the front page of your February issue "It Takes a Thief to Stop One". Here you have a story about ex-cons acting as policemen by working in grocery stores to thwart hold-ups. Since ex-cons are by law not allowed to have or handle guns (although The Bill of Rights says different...) the only purpose these 'Police-

The newspapers read that the Governor of the state of montana is trying hard to find an INDIAN to serve on the montana state board of pardons for the first time in HISTORY. The Governor should not find it a task force to place an INDIAN on the aforesaid board, considering there are SEVEN INDIAN RESERVATIONS in the state of montana. The Governor's aides further stated that it won't be for the lack of effort if an INDIAN ISN'T PLACED ON THE board. WITH SEVEN INDIAN \*\*\*\*\* RESERVATIONS! The other paper reads "MINORITY" ON BOARD OF PARDONS. Just my personal opinion: why does it have to be "minority" and "Indian", I get the idea from reading these articles that the INDIAN, NEGRO, MEXICAN, AND MINORITIES do not have a human "THING" THAT THE RICH, POWER, SUPERIOR WHITE RACE have, look, buddy, don't get me wrong, I'm just generalizing. Can you look at any one of these "minorities" and think to yourself " He's DIFFERENT." If your answer is right on, you're PREJUDICE. DO you DISCRIMINATE TOO ???

GOD is said to create all men EQUAL. AND the CONSTITUTION and THE LAW \*\*\* PURPORTS to READ that all men shall be treated and given EQUAL RIGHTS.

I wonder about the two above paragraphs, is it true/ ???

Sure, shrug it off and say: "that's Life." But I'm thinking about those people in the high, responsible positions. You know, the Courts, the police, the attorney general, the national guard, etc. etc..

I'm told to use this paper constructively and expressively as possible, I am. I'm told to use the press to express. I am. I'm taking this defensive stand because people tell me this article will get down on the administration and quite possibly shut down this penal press: The K. P. NEWS. WHY. For telling the way it is, it is, no? yes? Gung-ho.....

JOHN GLENN, AN INDIAN ( NATIVE ) OF THE CROW NATION., whose career is starting with a strike one. and another strike two, has only one course to pursue.....INDIAN - FOR, TO AND BY THE INDIANS - IMPRISONED in montana state prison. Strike one? Indian. Or is he Apple-Indian? Strike two- being a party of a STRIKE when his fellow men have been waiting for months, YEARS to appear before the board for parole. John Richard Glenn, an INDIAN, another HISTORY.

# Indian Is Sought For State Position

By ARTHUR HUTCHINSON  
Missoulian State Bureau

HELENA — Gov. Forrest H. Anderson is working hard to find an Indian to serve on the State Board of Pardons.

A vacancy now exists with the resignation of George Vucanovich, Helena auto dealer and former chairman, who left to accept an appointment to the State Highway Commission.

If an Indian is not named to the board it won't be for lack of an effort, the governor's aides said. Ronald P. Richards, Anderson's executive assistant, said an Indian was considered, contacted and was ready to accept but withdrew for personal reasons.

Indians make up just under five per cent of the state's population but the prison population is about 20 per cent Indian.

Alonso T. Spang, director of the Indian affairs program at the University of Montana, late last year in behalf of Indian organizations called for appointment of an Indian and submitted a list of possible nominees.

Spang said interviewing Indian prisoners he found they felt they were discriminated against in parole hearings, a charge de-

nied by the pardons board. He said he felt Indians could relate better if an Indian were on the board.

The current two members of the three-man board are Floyd C. Hamilton, Livingston, and John L. Peterson, Butte.

Hamilton, whose term ends April 1, 1975, and Peterson, whose term ends April 1, 1973, were appointed too late to be confirmed by the 1969 Senate and are up for confirmation this year.

Confirmation is expected to be routine but the Senate committee handling the governor's appointments has held up action on the pardons board, anticipating the vacancy will be filled. The term held by Vucanovich ends this April 1. His successor's appointment will be for a full six-year term.

Appointment of an Indian probably would meet with widespread Senate approval.

When pardons board nominations came up in the Senate State Administration Committee earlier, both Sens. John Lyon, R-Shelby, and Harry Mitchell, D-Great Falls, noted stories on the desire of Indians to have a representative and said they felt it was a good idea.

## 'Minority' On Board Of Pardons

HELENA (AP) — Gov. Forrest H. Anderson today announced the appointment of a representative of what he called "Montana's largest minority — the Indians" to the State Board of Pardons.

The new board member is John Richard Glenn, a Billings mechanical engineer with a law degree.

Glenn replaces George Vucanovich, Helena, who recently resigned to accept appointment to the Montana Highway Commission.

Glenn was born at Crow Agency and is an enrolled member of the Crow tribe.

He holds a mechanical engineering degree from Montana State University, Bozeman, and a Doctor of jurisprudence degree from the University of Montana Law School, Missoula.

He worked six years on construction projects, including four years as a management-level construction engineer, and now works for Flint Engineering and Construction Co., Billings.

In announcing the first appointment of an Indian to the Board of Pardons, the governor said: "I am proud to begin what I hope will become a tradition for the future of the board."

He said Glenn "has shown his sincere interest in the plight of these people incarcerated in Montana's state prison through his work with the Montana Public Defenders Project while a law student at the University of Montana."

Pressure has been brought on the governor's office for some time to appoint an Indian to the board on the ground that Indians comprise a large part of the prison's population.

## Indian Appointed To Pardons Board

MY FRIEND, LARRY, EXPRESSED A VERY CRITICUS OPINION: "WANT BE THE ISOL OF SATAN AND THE PATIENCE OF GOD", HE DEFENSIVELY SAID, "FOR HAD NOT THE REEL LIFE, AND WAS VIOLATED FOR THE REEL LIFE? FOR HIS PHILOSOPHY?"

THUS, MY FRIEND RECOMED. I DID NOT AGUE, FOR I WAS IN NO POSITION TO EXPRESS ANY OPINIONS OR PRESENT MY WORDS TO THE COMPTERY, FOR I WAS NOT THE REYS OF THE "FREEDOM PEOPLE".

TODAY, AS MANKIND IS APPELLED AT THE REVOLUTIONISTS, THE COMPTENTS, THE HIR FOLDED HIPPIES, THE SELF-STYLED DOPED UPPEL FOLKS AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA'S SOCIETY, AND LASTLY, THE CONFLICTS WHICH IN REALITY ARE REARS, REARS, REARS..... MY FRIEND VOICED HIS OPINION, IN THAT, ALL THIS SELF-MORCHLY BILIT AND OPPOSITIONS, IS A FULL-FILLMENT OF MANKINDS SELF-PROPHESIES. I THINK THIS FRIEND OF LIFE IS A RECKLESS FOOL WITH WORDS AND OTHER IDES.

I CAN ON REEL WITH MY FRIEND LARRY, THE CRIL REACTION, HE THAIKED OF HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE MOVEMENT WHICH DESTROYED THE ANCIENT ESTABLISHMENT AND BELIEFS AND TRADITIONS CONFINED THEREIN, WHICH IMPT RESTRICTION, POLICE STATE OF AMERICA AND OF COURSE, POLITICS, THE GOOD OLD KIND. FOR IT IS THESE FOLKSID INSTITUTIONS WHICH FORBID MY FRIEND TO LIVE WITH THE STATUS QUO. MY FRIEND WAS REAZED AT MY AUDACITY TO HAVE MY OWN CONVICTIONS AND HIGH STANDARDS OF HUMILITY AND OF LIFE. BUT I SENSED THAT HE ENVIED ME FOR MY CRAZINESS.....I THINK.

IF YOU ARE THINKING IN TERMS OF RIGHT AND WRONG, THERE IS NO SUCH WORDS. BUT I WILL SAY THIS: ALTHOUGH, MY FRIEND HAD NO SENSE OF MODERATION, HE DID HAVE FIRM FOR L CONVICTIONS AND WAS VERY STRONG WILLED. I RESPECTED MY FRIEND, FOR HE BELIEVED MY SILENCE AND SUBMISSIVENESS IS MY VIRTUE IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT. FOR THAT MATTER, HE ARGUMENTATIVELY STATED SEVERAL THINGS IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS, ALTHOUGH I DID NOT ONCE DISPUTE HIS WORDS, FOR HE DID NOT IMPOSE..... I STILL BELIEVE THAT TO TRAIT MY FELLOW-MAN RIGHT AND HE WILL RETURN THE REE TO YOU.

TO TELL THAT TO MY FRIEND IS OUT OF QUESTION, BECAUSE IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE, FRIL AND BIBLICAL. BUT I MUST ADMIT MY TENDACY TO ADLIER AND LIEVY HIM FOR HIS INVOLVEMENT IN THE MOVEMENT.

I THOUGHT MY FRIEND'S REVOLUTIONARY BELIEFS, ATTITUDE AND ACTIONS, NOT TO MENTION AN UNEPEAKABLE DEATH, WHICH I BELIEVE WILL BE HIS END, FINIS... WILL CAUSE HIM TO SUFFER DIRE, DIRE CONSEQUENCES.

FROM THE SOCIALLY ACCEPTED VIEWPOINT, I WAS THE CITIZEN OF ANGELIC GRACE AND MY FRIEND A FRIEND OF DESTRUCTION AND HELL! BUT BOTH OF OUR PHILOSOPHIES, COLLECTIVELY, IS MUTUALLY ACCEPTABLE AND SUITED TO FIT OUR ROLES IN THIS UNEPEAKABLE LIFE. MY FRIEND, FOUND IT EASIER TO LIVE WITH HIMSELF, FILLED OF DOUBT..... I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE EXPRESSED HIS OPINIONS TO ME - TO STRUGGLE IS TO SURVIVE. IT IS LIFE!!

MY PHILOSOPHY'S PRESENTED A CONFLICTING PICTURE... ORTIES, DOUBTS, FEARS, HATED AND INNER-REVOLT. SUCH IS MY LOT IN LIFE ALONG THE STATUS QUO. MY WAY OF LIFE WAS TO HANG ONTO THE TAILS OF AUTHORITY, HOWEVER WACKED, FOR THIS WAS MY DUEL....BECAUSE IT IS EFFECTIVE AND PERJUCIOUS IN MY PERJUCILUSIONS OF MY LIFE'S WORLD. I AM A STATISTIC OF THE OLD ESTABLISHMENTS RIGID SOCIALLY ACCEPTED PUBLER.....

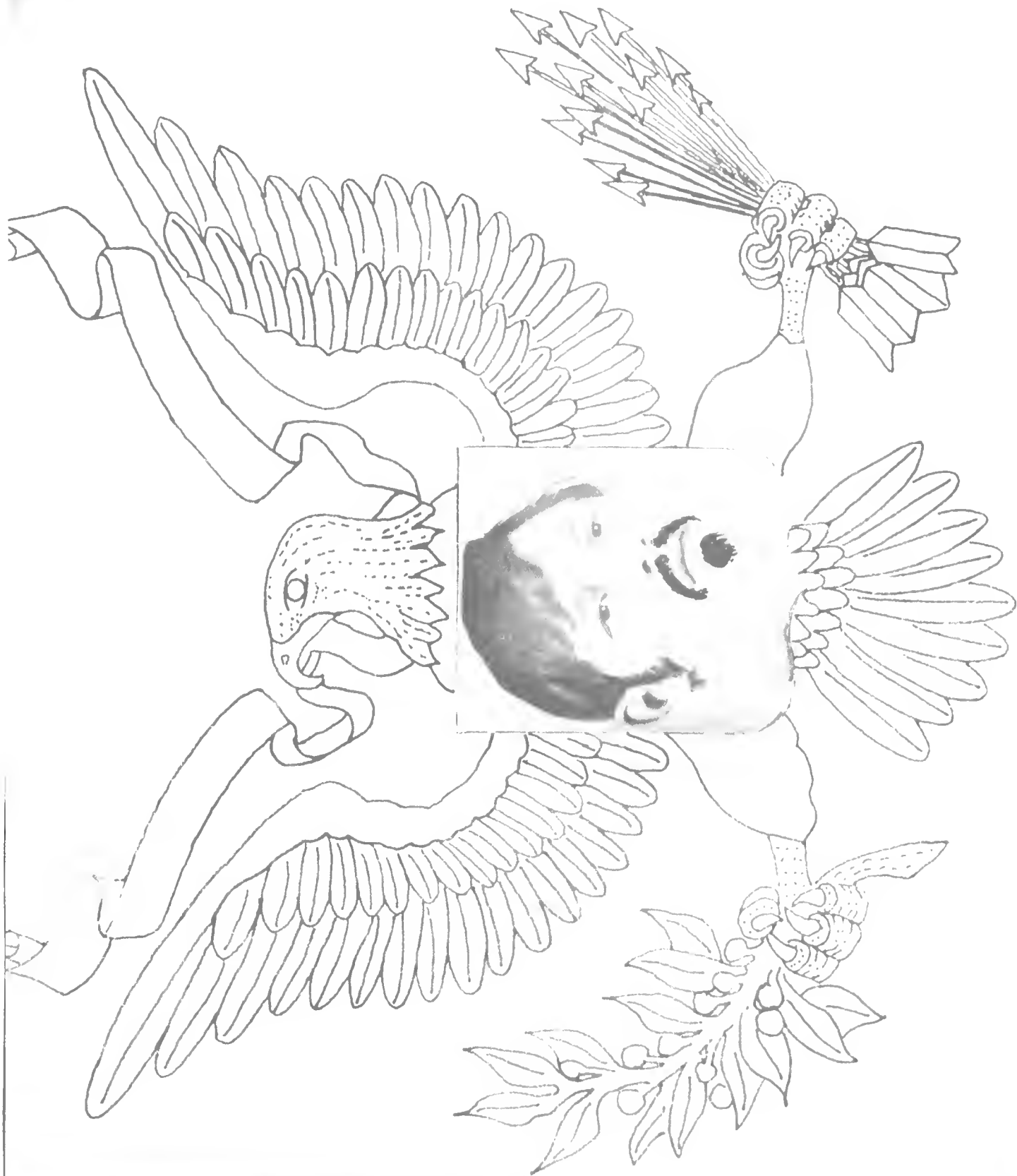
I AM OBSESSED WITH THAT BELIEF THAT AS LONG AS I BREAK NO RULES AND LAWS OF MY ESTABLISHMENTS' SOCIETY, I AM ACCORDED MY FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION FOR THE SILENT AND SUBMISSIVE SOCIETY TENDS TO HEAR.

EDITOR NOTE: SIX YEARS LATER, AFTER THE ABOVE ARTICLE WAS WRITTEN, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN, THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE ARTICLE WAS SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR.....

AUTHOR'S NOTE: THIS ARTICLE WILL BE COMPILED WHEN THIS WRITER FINDS A FREE MIND AND WILL TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE PEOPLE, PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL CONTRIBUTE A FITTING CONCLUSION TO THIS STORY.

GARY D. HOFFMAN

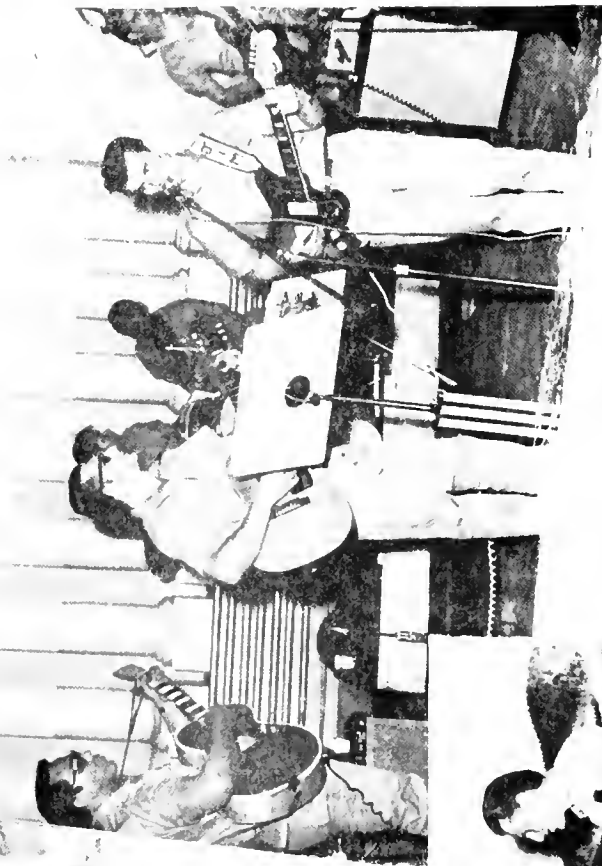




CHUCK OLSEN RECEIVING  
THE AWARD FOR "OLD  
ROGSTER OF THE YEAR"

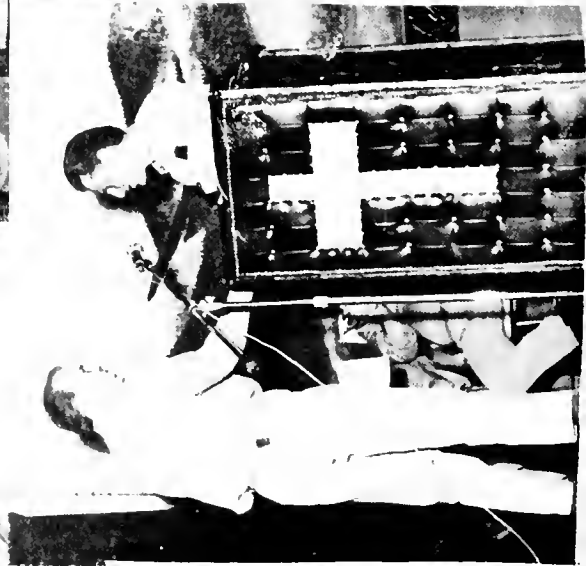


THE PRISON BAND PROVIDED THE  
ENTERTAINMENT BETWEEN GUEST  
SPEAKERS AND BEFORE THE RE-  
GULAR PROGRAM STARTED.



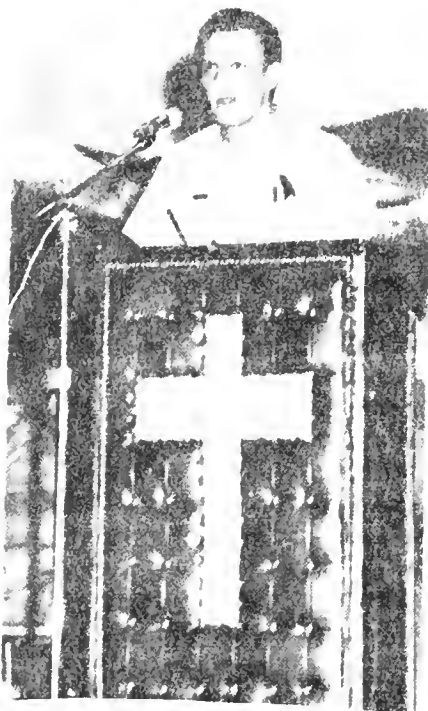
THE JAYCEE'S ALSO HAD AN  
EXHIBIT OF ART AND LEATHER  
THAT COULD BE PURCHASED BY  
ALL THE GUESTS.

GORDY WILKENS RECEIVING  
AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING  
SECRETS MAN OF THE YEAR  
AND PHYSICAL FITNESS  
AWARD





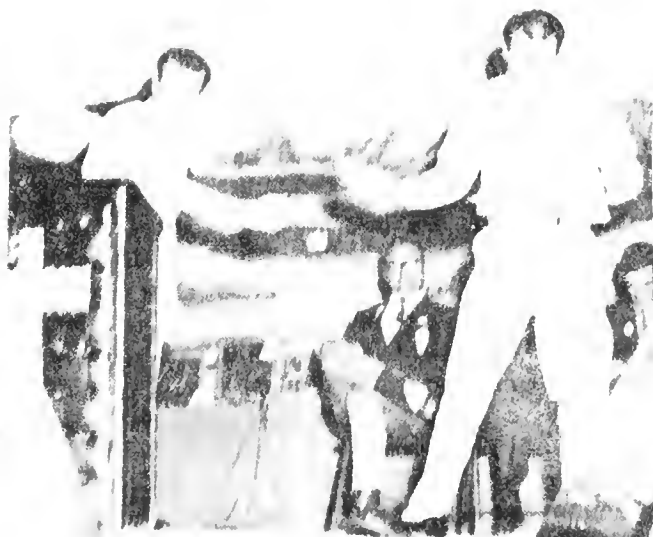
JAYCEE OF THE YEAR  
RICH POWELL



FOR BENTLEY  
NEW JAYCEE PRESIDENT



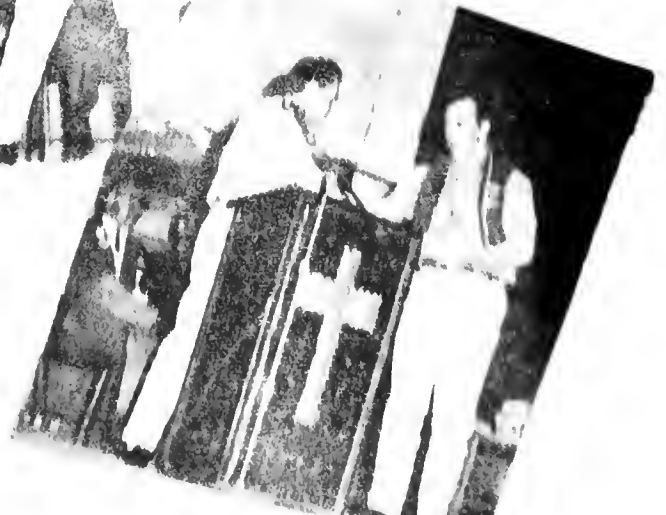
J.G. ELODGETT  
DEPUTY WARDEN ADDRESSING  
PEOPLE



KEI BERNHARDT  
RECEIVING AWARD  
FOR OUTSTANDING  
CHAIRMAN OF THE YEAR

WAYNE BAGELY  
OUTSTANDING  
R&R MAN OF THE  
YEAR

PICK OSIER RECEIVING  
APPRECIATION AWARD  
FOR HELPING IN ALL  
J.C. FUNCTIONS



The 1971 La Barge Jaycee Open House Awards Dinner was a great success with 80 outside guests in Attendance.

The dinner consisted of turkey, with all the trimmings and music by a genuine live tape recorder during the dinner.

After dinner all retired to the M.S.P. Clark Theater for music by the Jailhouse Six and two solos by our own Charley Meyers, an excellent violinist.

Certificates of appreciation for various Jaycee and committee works were given to Cloyce Littlelight, Wayne Bagely, Louis Beauchamp, Gar Mack, David Tamietti, Ken Bernhart, Mike Heans, Donald Bentley, and John Ballanger.

Jaycee of the year was awarded to Richard Powell, for his outstanding work and devoted time and attention to all Jaycee projects.

Awards were given to Jack Corbally sponsor, Wayne Bagely-outstanding P&R man, Ken Bernhart-Jaycee of the quarter, Gordon Wilkens-outstanding member in sports and physical fitness, Walt Schantz-Jaycee of the month, Chuck Olsen-exhausted rooster award, Mike Heans-committee man of the year, and Gary Mack-key man award. Speeches were made by Jim Blodgett on prisons and public attitudes, Bob Bowers on the Jaycees and a poem about what prison is by an inmate. Allan Jacobson spoke on what our Jaycees should build in men, Bill McCaul spoke on the past record of the La Barge Jaycees and what he thought we could accomplish. Mike Heans spoke on the we out committee, and Richard Powell spoke on the La Barge Jaycees, their projects and their goals.

Don Bentley and Archie Warwick were sworn in as President and Vice President by the state director, Bob Bowers.

There was a hobby display by the inmates. Among these were copper, leather and art displays. They were all displayed before a wall sized landscape mural by John Ballanger. The items were for sale and a certain percentage of the cost went into the Jaycee fund.

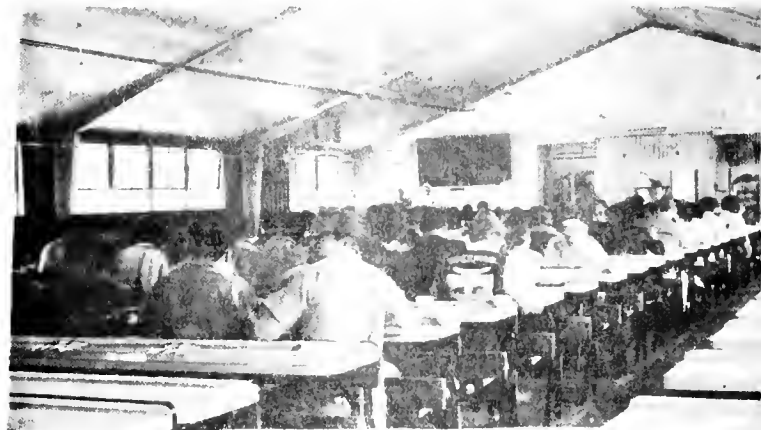
We wish to thank all the guests for their attendance. All the happy faces were adequate testimony to the fact that all in attendance enjoyed the festivities. The La Barge Jaycees are to be congratulated for the smoothness with which the affair ran.

# JAYCEES OPEN HOUSE

"On the left is Don Bentley being sworn in as Jaycee President, & Archie Warwick in the middle as Jaycee Vice President, Bob Bowers is swearing them in....."



The meal for the Jaycees and their invited guests was served in the prison dining room. Very scrumptuous..



not acknowledge you. Your message is unknowable to me. Spare me your prattle of your non-involved love. I no longer care to receive you.

I the criminal, who have never started a war, who has never used tear gas and clubs against children, who has never with one finger pushed a button that murdered whole cities, who has never held a gun in his hand, who does not sit in the august places of munitions makers and plots war in advance for profit.

I the criminal, who supported his mother and grandmother from the monies received from his crimes. Who has never owned a car, a house, or a plot of ground, except perhaps, a plot in some lonely grave-yard in unconsecrated ground

If one were to look at my record, it itself is a monument, to quote Robert Burns, "Man's inhumanity to man", nothing but grief and tragedy. There is but one record of my crimes against my own kind, but does not my own kind owe me? Surely, there must be some record of my doing something good? But alas, there is none. I supported my grandmother and my mother even while in jail, but there is no record of my doing so. Nothing but shame and grief, the record of the sum total of my history.

Before the soldier goes into battle the great Chief of Staff intones his Madkson Ave. voice "You my son, are greatly honored. Today you murder for your mother and your father, and if you die, how proud they will be. To the mother and father, quite possibly, who do not know why their son must die, receive a letter from the Great Chief of Staff saying, dear sir, and madam, we regret to inform you that your son will not be coming home. In like manner, I, society's mortal enemy, will not be coming home, dear mother and grandmother, we regret to inform you that your son will not be coming home. I can turn to nobody.. No one is available to me. Your kind will always be subject to us. As I stand waiting to be delivered up to my tormentors and look into my mother's eyes, I look into her eyes and we speak one tongue. The tongue of sorry; she's always the little farm girl, running through the flowering fields chasing butterflies, does not understand why her son must be taken from her. Would that I could dry her tears and explain to her why this is done, but I cannot do this for I do not understand myself. It is too late for her, she is gone from me; even in death I cannot be taken for a human being, I had to go to her funeral in chains.

Oh wise men, who build great weapons, and kill the birds and the mothers & the children, you must answer their pleas, WHY MUST OUR SONS BE TAKEN FROM US.

I, the unknown personality to whom clinical books are written about and dedicated to say to you, I am your source of employment and nothing else. Don't mock me by saying that you understand me and my kind, for you are a liar, I am the unknown substance.

You have made me what I am today, The Unknowable Person. Cease your farce in psychology, and kindred sciences for I refuse to acknowledge your witchcraft

I am wearing an aura of hopelessness that will be forever different. I am like the laboratory rabbit. Never to be free of you, even when you place me in your invisible cage called parole. Your kind will always be over my shoulder. When dead and buried the only thing to show that I have existed will be a manila folder with my record. The sum total of my life. My monument to you.

I cannot believe that I am destined for Hell, because you have already placed me there.

.....Charley Meyers

UNDER A GOVERNMENT WHICH IMPRISONS ANY UNJUSTLY, THE TRUE PLACE FOR A JUST MAN IS ALSO IN PRISON.

.....Thoreau, from his essay on  
The Duty of Civil Disobedience

.....



Having spent most of my life in this nation's universities of crime, hate camps, Churches of prejudice, The Great American Correctional Institutions of this country. Having been beaten with shovels, sewing machine belts, pick handles and other blessed ecclesiastical weapons invented by the great thinkers of correction, I am still not corrected.

I have never known a Warden or Superintendent who knew what societies policy was toward the criminal. They seem to think that the only purpose of the criminal is to use him as a stepping stone. They think that we should all be personally involved in their careers.

Man, it seems, has made great advances in every science except that science which deals with man himself. The very first society that ever existed was quite similar to the one in which we live today. The first building that man ever erected was a prison. Man has no need for anything else as long as he has his prisons. Whom did he place in charge of this monument, the humane? The kind? The intelligent? No! He places his misfits, his throwbacks. They seem to think that they should make themselves available to society, but unavailable to the criminal. They go from place to place making speeches about how humane and tolerant and loving society should be to the criminal, but they themselves treat him in a manner in which they do not practice what they preach.

In most of the jails that I personally have been there has not been one individual whom I could go to for help. Certainly not any chaplain. Their's is a providence whom only the paycheck is the diety. To quote "Thou art dust man, and to dust thou shalt return." I would like to personally inform all chaplains in the great American wastebasket of correction, that I have always been dust -you have never allowed me to be otherwise. O great Magi of law and order, you who come to my manger and lay your gifts of fear, punishment and torture, I do

*(It's a wrap!)*



**Give me your Life,  
Soul, Taxes.....**









**YOU HAVE NOT  
SILENCED A MAN**

***Just Because You Have Converted  
him.***

I'M GLAD I CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME

Your Pooh-bear laugh was worn  
& raggedy though I ate it with  
paranoid eyes like a spoon  
-that's the way you always were  
                    well, I got married  
                    you'd say to my cat  
oh you were scarey  
your hair looking like wilted carrots  
old b-b eyes & sexy as an ironing board scorched  
with years of disinterested use  
                    guess who I killed yesterday  
                    -smiling at your little joke but  
                    you were serious and made me very  
                    nervous  
showing me all the new abscesses in your head  
like you'd just done something extra cute  
  
I'm glad I can't remember your name and  
I sure hope you've forgotten mine

Luckenbach



WHEN RICHARD BRAUTIGAN CAME TO SEATTLE

When Richard Brautigan came to Seattle he said  
this isn't what I thought it would be at all  
                    that's nothing  
                                Ginsberg told him sadly  
                    you should go to Montana  
                                there it's just like  
                    when San Francisco was a baby cat  
  
I know what  
                    Brautigan shouted  
let's come back in twenty years and see.  
  
There goes their microbus right now  
wave goodbye

Luckenbach



## THE PRISON OF MIND

IMPRISONED TO THE LONELY CORRIDORS OF OUR MINDS  
WE SUELL IN THIS TRANQUILITY OF HOPE;  
EXISTING UNDER THE DELUSION  
OF FUTURE RELEASE AND FREEDOM.

KNOWING ; THOUGH NOT ACCEPTING  
THE IMABILITY OF ESCAPE;  
TO ENCOUNTER THOUGH NOT TO CONQUER  
THIS LTERNAL PRISON OF THOUGHT

A LTERAL STONE WALL  
THE SUBCONSCIOUS PRISON BARS;  
DEVALUED AND DEVIATED, THROUGH THIS COMPLEX MESS  
WE SUELL OUR MINDS.

STRENGTH AND DURING D  
AS A GIFT BY ONE IMMORTAL;  
PRESENTED BUT NOT PERFECTED  
WITH NO GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

AND NEVER TO BE FREE.....

LIGHT BY C. W. D. HOFFMAN

# A Wanderer



Life, Liberty

And The Pursuit Of Happiness!!

**the  
Verdict  
Is...**



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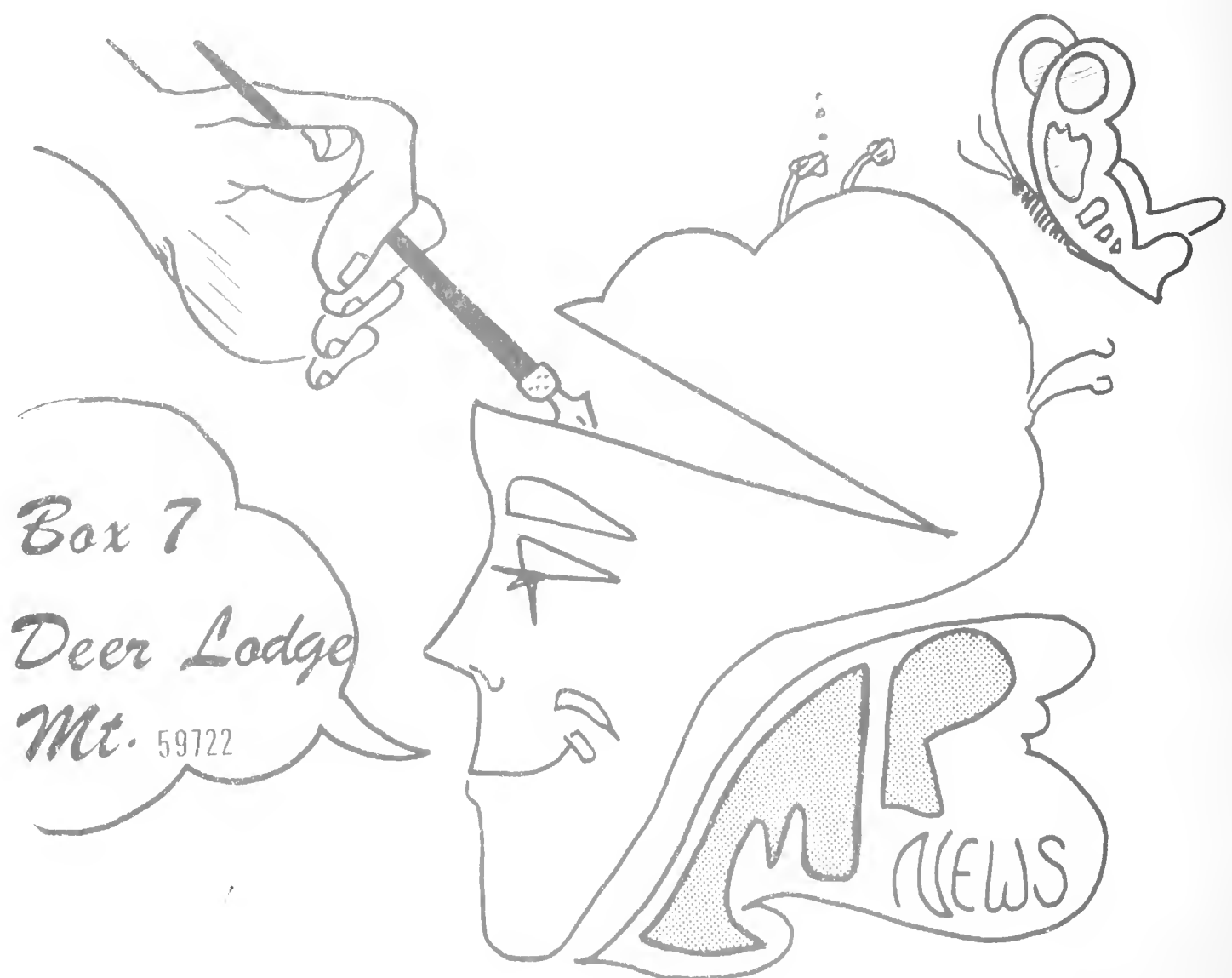
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